



Vol. VI.

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No. 16.

IN SLUMBEROUS SUMMER.

THE hammock's nettings clasp me fast,
In a slumberous swaying to and fro,
While the sea-air steals with a cooling breath
To dispel the day's too-fervid glow.

From the grass I hear the saucy chirp
Of the robin tip-toeing, hopping along;
While above me the oriole thrills the air
With a rich, melodious burst of song.

No more of the earth! My body sleeps,
And my soul escapes its jail for a time—
The body's senses,—reveling free
In its native clime of song and rhyme.

Ah! now, of what worth are the lovers of earth!
Did Titian's soul or Saphael's
Ever meet with a face of such rare grace,
Or a crown like a bunch of asphodels?

Or their pencils paint an outline faint
Of the glimmering soul as it shimmered through,
To vie with the radiant vision of bliss
That bursts on my soul's unhampered view!

Dreaming is life! After all, the strife
And bustle of earth are the "fleeting show;"
Where gold is the god, and conscience a rod
That nonemay feel or fear or know.

Dreaming is life,—where the fetterless soul
In reality launches its bright ideal;
And thought's bright images dance around
Than earth's petty toys far more real.

And in dreams I lived, for a pleasant hour,
A life seeming real as sweet and rare,
And floated along in a maze of song
That seemed as a part of the lambent air.

But life's bright day, where in spirit we roam,
When the angel of dreams, for a moment too brief,
Throws open the prison-doors binding to earth
The weary soul welcoming each glad relief,

Is also succeeded by night and by sleep,
Where the soul wanders back to the earth in its dreams,
And labors and longs for the loves and the songs
That only are found where the future's light gleams.

So I in a maze fell asleep when the day's
Effulgence on hill-top and cloud was aglow,
And in dreams seemed to float in aerial boat,
To a soft-breathing music so plaintive and low.

Ah! what a surprise when I opened my eyes!
So I had been dreaming in heavenly spheres;
The while my dull body had slumbered an hour,
My spirit had lived in its love-life for years.

Enveloped in fog that was chilling and dense,
By easterly wind marshaled up from the sea,
I looked once—but, alas! all in vain—
For the foretaste of bliss that made earth-sorrows flee.

Where now were the lips that were crimson with life,
And cheeks that were rich with the sun's dying gleam?
A rustle of wings, and a glimmering breast,
And again it would seem like a summer-day's dream.

And where were the glory and wealth that fell down
From the radiant crown of the vision so fair?
One sweetly thrilled note from the oriole's throat,
And a quick-dying gleam flashing through the dense air.

Ah! what is all this but a vision of life?
What is love's sweetest song and its tenderest list?
Pursue in a maze to the end of your days,
And own at the last 'tis a will-o'-the-wisp.

—The Aldine.

STAND BY THE SHIP.

"Do, grandmother, tell us about the little drummer-boy whose motto was 'Stand by the ship.'"

"Grandmother is not used to telling children stories; but, if you will be quiet, she will try." And this is the story she told us:—

"During one of fiercest battles fought in the late rebellion, the colonel of a Michigan regiment noticed a very small boy acting as drummer. The great coolness and self-possession of the boy as displayed during the engagement, his habitual reserve, so singular in one of his years; his orderly conduct and his fond devotion to his drum—his only companion (except a few well-worn books, over which he was often seen to pore)—in which he took delight; this had attracted notice; both from the officers and the men. Col. B.'s curiosity was aroused, and he desired to know more of him. So he ordered that the boy should be sent to his tent. The little fellow came, his drum on his breast and the sticks in his hand. He paused before the colonel and made his best military salute. He was a noble-looking boy, the sunburnt tint of his face in good keeping with his dark, crisp curls; but strangely out of keeping with the rounded cheeks and dimpled chin was the look of gravity and thoughtfulness, although at variance with his years. He was a boy prematurely taught the self-reliance of a man. A strange thrill went through Col. B.'s heart as the boy stood before him.

"Come forward, my boy, I wish to talk to you;" the boy stepped forward, showing no surprise under the novel position he found himself. 'I was very much pleased with your conduct yesterday,' said the Colonel, 'from the fact you are so young and small for your position.'

"Thank you, Colonel; I only did my duty. I am big enough for that, if I *am* small," replied the noble little fellow.

"Were you not very much frightened when the battle commenced?" questioned Col. B.

"I might have been if I had let myself think about it; but I kept my mind on my drum. I went in to play for the men; it was that I volunteered for. So I said to myself, 'Don't trouble yourself about what don't concern you, Jack, but do your duty, and 'Stand by the ship.'

"Why, that is sailors' talk," said the Colonel.

"It's a very good saying if it is, sir," said Jack.

"I see you understand the meaning of it. Let that rule guide you through life, and you will gain the respect of all good men."

"Father Jack told me that when he taught me to say 'Stand by the ship.'"

"He was your father?"

"No, sir—I never had a father, but he brought me up."

"Strange," said the Colonel, musing; "how much I feel like befriending this child. Tell me your story, Jack."

"I will tell it, sir, as near as I can like Father Jack told it to me."

"My mother sailed on a merchant ship from France for Baltimore where my father was living. A great storm arose; the ship was driven on rocks, where she split, and all hands had to take to the boats. They gave themselves up for lost; but at last a ship bound for Liverpool took them up. They had lost everything but the clothes they had on; but the captain was very kind to them; he gave them clothes and some money. My mother refused to remain at Liverpool, though she was quite sick, for she wanted to get to this country so badly; so she took passage in another merchant ship just going to New York. She was the only woman on board. She grew worse soon after the ship sailed; the sailors took care of her. Father Jack was a sailor on this ship, and he pitied her very much, and he did all he could for her. But the doctor said from the first she could not live through it; he was right: for she died when I was eight days old. Not only knew what to do with me,—they all said I would die—all but Father Jack he asked the doctor to give me to him. The doctor said, let him try his hand, if he has a mind to,—it's no use, the little one will be sure to go overboard after its mother. The doctor was wrong. I was brought safe to New York. He tried to find my father, but did not know how to do it, for no one knew my mother's name. He left me with a family in New York when he went to sea again; but he could never find out anything about my mother, although he inquired in Liverpool and elsewhere. The last time he went to sea I was nine years old, and he gave me a present on my birth day, the day before he sailed. It was the last; he never came back again; he died of ship fever. He did a good part by me; he had put me to a free school at seven years of age, and always paid my board in advance for a year. So you see, I had a fair start to help myself, which I did right off. I went errands for gentlemen and swept out offices and stores. No one liked to begin with me, for they all thought me too small, but they soon saw I got along well enough. I went to school just the same. I did my jobs before nine in the morning, and after school let out I had plenty of time for work and to learn my lessons. I wouldn't give up my school; for Father Jack told me to have all I could, and some day I would find my father, and he must not find me a poor ignorant boy. He said I must be able to look him in the face and say to him without falsehood: 'Father I may be poor and rough, but I have always been an honest boy and 'stood by the ship,' so you needn't be ashamed of me.' Sir, I could never forget those words.—He dropped his cap, drum and sticks; he bared his little arm and showed the figure of a ship in full sail, with this motto beneath it, pricked into the skin; 'Stand by the ship.'"

"When I was twelve, I left New York and came to Detroit with a gentleman in the book business. I was there two years when the war broke out. One day a few months after the war broke out, I was passing by a recruiting-office. I went in; I heard them say they wanted a drummer. I offered; they laughed and said I was so little but they brought me a drum and I beat it for them. They agreed to take me. So the old stars and stripes was the ship now for me to stand by."

"The Colonel was silent; he seemed in deep thought. 'Now, do you ever expect,' he said, 'to find your father?—you do not even know his name.'"

"I don't know, sir; but I am sure I shall find him somehow. My father will be sure to know I am the right boy when he does find me, for I have something to show him that was my mother's; and he drew forth a little canvas bag, sewed tightly all around and suspended from his neck by a string. 'In this,' he said, 'is a pretty bracelet that my mother always wore on her arm. Father Jack took it off after she died, to keep it for me. He said I must never open it until I found my father, and that I must wear it so around my neck, that it might be safe.'"

"A bracelet, did you say?" exclaimed the Colonel; "let me have it,—I must see it at once!"

"With both his little hands clasped around it, the little boy stood looking into Colonel B.'s face; then, slipping the string from over his head, he silently placed it in his hand. To rip open the canvas was but the work of a moment."

"I think I know this bracelet," stammered Colonel B.; "if it be as I hope and believe, within the locket we will find two names—Wilhelmina and Carleton, date—May 26, 1848."

"There were the names, as he said. Colonel B. clasped the boy to his heart, saying, 'My son, my son.'"

"I must go back in my story. In the first year of his marriage, Colonel B. and his lovely young wife sailed for Europe, expecting to remain several years in southern Europe, on account of the delicate health of his wife. He was engaged in merchandise in the city of Baltimore. The sudden death of his business partner compelled his return to America, leaving his wife with her mother in Italy. Soon after he left, his mother-in-law died. Mrs. B. then made arrangements to return to Baltimore at once, and took passage on the ill-fated steamer which was lost. Vainly he made inquiries; no tidings came of her. At last he gave her up as lost; he almost lost his reason from grief and doubt. Fourteen years had passed; he did not know that God in his mercy had spared to him a precious link with the young life so lost and mourned. Restless and almost aimless, he moved to Michigan. When the war broke out, he was among the first to join the army."

"There stood the boy, tears streaming down his cheeks. 'Father,' he said, 'you have found me at last, just as Father Jack said. You are a great gentleman, while I am a poor drummer boy. I have been an honest boy, and tried my best to do what was right. You won't be ashamed of me, father.'"

"I am proud to call you my son, and thank God for bringing you to me just as you are."

"My little hero is now a grown man. As the boy was, so is the man. 'Stand by the ship.'"

A POULTRY-YARD OF OSTRICHES.

MR. A. DOUGLASS, an English settler in the Cape Colony, South Africa, commenced experiments about eight years ago with six ostriches. He has now about 300 on hand, having sold 85. Each bird eats about 20 pounds of vegetable matter per day, and the net profit from the sale of birds and feathers is stated at \$125,000 in the last four years. The costs of the beginnings of the experiment is not given. The birds are hatched by artificial means, and the process requires 42 days. In natural hatching one egg in ten fails; in the artificial process, one in twelve. The work of raising ostriches for their feathers has also been commenced in California. The enormous profits tempt experiment, yet changes of fashion may any day make even ostrich feathers of little value. Whenever any one who chooses may command a plume, ostrich may degenerate into hen's feathers in fashionable estimation.

THE wise never grieve for the dead or the living.

THE WATCH PRESENTED TO LAFAYETTE BY GEN. WASHINGTON.

ONE of the most pleasing episodes in the history of our Revolutionary struggle is the close and strong affection which grew up between General Washington and the young and gallant French marquis, who so romantically came to offer his sword to the colonies struggling to be free.

Lafayette, a young officer, trained in the best French school of a line in which few of his ancestors had died anywhere but on the field of battle, was by instinct and education a soldier. He was modest, however, and in command assumed no superiority. He was loved, not only by Washington, but by all the soldiers and officers. He showed great gallantry at the Brandywine, and in the campaign in Virginia displayed no little generalship in leading Cornwallis into the trap at Yorktown, from which he found it impossible to extricate himself. In the assault of Cornwallis's lines at Yorktown, Lafayette led the Americans column, and thus contributed to the closing victory and final triumph of America. Before the young nobleman left the United States, to take his place amid the country circles of France, Washington presented to him a watch, with an inscription referring to Yorktown. Lafayette treasured it with reverence and care. Through all the perils of the French Revolution, his imprisonment at Olmutz, and the vicissitudes of years, he clung to it; and when some fifty years ago he visited America, he brought back this precious souvenir. It is sad to say that, amid the admiring crowds who thronged to greet the friend of Washington, came a sneaking thief, who purloined from the great Lafayette this memento so precious in his eyes. Every effort was made, but in vain, to recover it; and Lafayette slept his last sleep without having recovered it.

A year or two ago it was accidentally found in a pawnbroker's shop and was at once purchased by our Government, and sent to Mr. Washburne, our Minister at Paris, to restore to the Lafayette family. At the Ambassador's residence, Rue de St. Imperatrice, Paris, Mr. Washburne, attended by Mr. Otto Washburn, and Colonel Hoffman, on December 6, 1874, presented the watch to Mr. Oscar de Lafayette, as the representative of the family. The watch has, on the case, a group—Mars presenting the crown to Valor; and on the other side, this inscription: "G. WASHINGTON TO GILBERT MOTIER DE LAFAYETTE. Lord Cornwallis's capitulation (Yorktown), Oct. 17, 1781."

GENERAL WASHINGTON SEES THE JOKE.

MRS. WRIGHT, the celebrated wax-headed modeler, had a son who was an artist. "Wright came to Mount Vernon,"—General Washington told Watson—"with the singular request that I should permit him to take a model of my face in plaster-of-Paris, to which I consented with some reluctance. He oiled my features over, and, placing me flat upon my back, upon a cot, proceeded to daub my face with the plaster. Whilst in this ludicrous attitude, Mrs. Washington entered the room, and, seeing my face thus overspread with the plaster, involuntarily exclaimed. Her cry excited in me a disposition to smile, which gave my mouth a slight twist, or compression of the lips, that is now observable in the busts which Wright afterward made."

AN ex-carpenter publishes a paper out in Illinois. He ought to make a good display of adze, and that's plane.—*N. Y. Com. Adv.* And yet it is very doubtful if he makes enough these dull times to enable him to "plank" down for his "board" at the end of each week.—*Norristown Herald.*

ENLARGING THE VOCABULARY.

THE English language was a day or two back enriched by a new adjective at the hands of a correspondent of the *Times*. The wish was expressed that a certain street in London might become "walkable." It might be dangerous to affirm that the word "walkable" has never been used before; but it certainly sounds strange even to ears which are quite used to "passable," and "laughable," and to which "reliable," if it has a grievous sound, has not a new one. To make a street "walkable" seems to mean to put it into a state that people may walk along it with perfect safety and comfort. And it certainly would not be easy to put that idea into so short a space in any other way. But the question further suggests itself whether, if the street is to be made "walkable," it also needs to be made "driveable" and "rideable." And then a number of questions would spring up First, as to spelling; should it be "driveable" and "rideable," or "drivable" and "ridable?" Then come the further question about having such words at all. In all these words the Latin ending stuck on to the English root is always offensive, as long as the word is new; and that caprice which rules so many things in matters of language sometimes accepts one word rejects another which is formed in exactly the same way.

Then again some draw a division between words which can be used in the passive voice as they stand and those which cannot except with the help of a preposition. There are those who would admit "readable" and reject "reliable," because a book is "read," while nobody is "reliable," but only "relied on." The word then should not be "reliable," but "reliable." The friends of "reliable" answers that nobody quarrels with "laughable," which, by the same analogy, should be "laughatable." To this it might again be answered that, though we cannot speak of "laughing a man," we can speak of "laughing-him down," "laughing him to scorn," "laughing him out of a thing." A practically better answer would be that no other word exactly expresses the meaning of "laughable," while "trustworthy" does perfectly well for "reliable." But the real difference doubtless is that "reliable" is still a word of yesterday, while "laughable," which is recognized by Johnson on the authority of Dryden, has long got over any difficulties which may have beset it when new. "Walkable" may assert itself that people do "walk the streets," while nobody "rides" or "drives" them. But "drivable" and "ridable," if they spring up, will take refuge under the shadow of "reliable"—perhaps under that of "laughable."—*The Pall Mall Gazette.*

A HUNDRED years ago a Virginia belle was not to be won without foolscap and red tape. This was the certificate which the bride had to sign, before her lover could get a marriage license. The bearer hereof has my permission to procure from authority the necessary credentials, which shall duly and honorably merit my attention in the support of my affections, to continue the end of all things, which shall reflect every ray of honor ascribable to so resplendent an element or sentiment of right mind, and which shall henceforth be strictly adhered to the proper form, at my instance and his importunity, in the making valid all things pertaining to the stream of my desire to become his partner in the vigor of my youth, in the morning of affections, properly directed to the momentous obligation conjugal embraces in endless felicity. In witness to the above I have hereunto, &c., &c.

A PROMINENT Mormon married a young girl in 1874, her mother the next spring, and finally her grandmother. Her greatest grandmother, fortunately, escaped being roped in by the Mormon by dying when the latter was a boy.

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WASHINGTON, AUGUST 15, 1876.

DEATH OF MISS NANCY A. WING.

To the Editor of THE SILENT WORLD.

DEAR SIR: It may be of interest to some of your readers to know that Miss Nancie A. Wing, one of the teachers in the Asylum, died at her father's residence, at Wayne, Me., on August 5, of consumption after a sickness of about three months. Miss Wing was a semi-mute and a graduate of our High Class. She possessed superior mental ability, and displayed some poetic talent. She was for three years a faithful and successful teacher in the Asylum. About two years ago she united with the Asylum Hill Congregational Church in this city. Her age was twenty-two years.

Truly yours,

EDWARD C. STONE.

AM. ASYLUM FOR DEAF AND DUMB,

Hartford, Conn., Aug. 11, 1876.

PERSONAL.

We would remind our readers that we are wholly dependent upon their good nature and courtesy for the matter contained in the Personal Department. It does not take long to write and send a short item for this department, yet the shortest item about an old school-mate or friend may be of more value than all the rest of the paper to any one of our readers. We ask, therefore, that each and every one of our readers will consider himself or herself one of the editors of the Personal Column, and send any thing, no matter how little, which may be of interest.

MR. THOS. B. HARRIS, a deaf-mute, of New Orleans, La., is a practical jeweler, and has made a business of his own in that line. He contemplates a visit to the Centennial Exposition with his wife in November.

MISS ANNIE B. BARRY, of Baltimore, Md., is appointed in the place of Miss PORTER who has resigned. She is a fine young lady, and may prove herself successful in this assiduous task. Her father is one of the Board of Directors for the Institution. He was formerly cashier of *The Baltimore Gazette* office.

MR. ROBERT P. MACGREGOR, a graduate of the N. D. M. College, and principal of the day-school for the deaf and dumb, at Cincinnati, O., is no longer a jolly bachelor after this day. To-morrow he is to be united with Miss HESTER M. PORTER, of Maryland, in a holy wedlock.

The lady was at the Columbia Institution for a few years, and transferred to the Maryland Institution established at Frederick City. After graduating she was appointed teacher at the same Institution.

While at school both here and at Frederick City, she was highly esteemed by the Principals and teachers for her exemplary conduct and superior intellect. We wish the couple much happiness, prosperity and long life in their new sphere.

MR. EDWARD W. SEARING, a lawyer of this city, was married at Mystic, Conn., to Miss LAURA C. REDDEN, the writer of poetry known as "Howard Glyndon." She was born deaf and dumb, and has never heard a sound, but she has acquired speech by persistent effort and study. She began to cultivate a voice when about sixteen years old, and the first indications of success were unintelligible sounds. She persevered, however, under the direction of skilled teachers, and speaks fluently in an almost natural voice. Her pronunciation is correct, her range of words large, and her conversational powers brilliant. She started from her home in Central Missouri when she was but 20 years old, resolved to make her own living. She went to Washington, obtained a position as correspondent of three or four newspapers, brought her father and brother to Washington, and obtained for them clerkships in the Departments. She wrote a book of poetry, which met with favor. During the past five years she has lived in this city, and last winter was often at theatres and balls with Mr. Searing.—*A N. Y. Paper.*

THE LANGUAGE OF SIGNS.

MANY persons are, no doubt, under the impression that the deaf and dumb talk to each other by the means of the finger-alphabet; but the use of this presupposes a knowledge of the meaning of words and letters, which the deaf and dumb child can hardly be taught till intelligible communications have been established with it. Alphabetical speech is slow and clumsy, whereas the deaf-mute speaks to his comrades as rapidly, if not as precisely, as we do by means of vocal speech. He uses a copious and expressive language of signs, indicating words and ideas by means of simple motions and gestures. This language has the advantage of being natural and universal. English, French, and German children, to a great extent, understand each other, and even a North American Indian would be able to talk with them all, it being a curious fact that many of the signs used by the Indian tribes are identical with those of the deaf and dumb schools of Europe; and Mr. Taylor states that a Sandwich Islander and a Chinese both made themselves understand in an American deaf and dumb Institution. The "gesture-language" is also connected with spoken language in two remarkable ways. Among low savage tribes, there are cases in which speech has to be supplemented by gesture to make it intelligible, and it is, perhaps, reasonable to suppose that at an earlier stage of civilization the proportion of gestures to words would be greater than it is now.—*The Kanawha Visitor.*

A DAUGHTER OF THE PEOPLE.

MRS. FLORA WHITE, well-known in the fashionable world forty years ago, was one of the most beautiful, accomplished, elegant and attractive women of her day. She was the daughter of General Adair of Kentucky, and her first husband was Joseph M. White, the second delegate sent to Congress from the Territory of Florida.

Highly educated, full of genius, and with the manners and bearing of a queen, her society was courted by the most elevated circles in Washington, New Orleans, New York and Boston. She was a brilliant conversationalist, ready and effective at repartee, and a sincere, warm-hearted gentle woman of the most gracious and generous. On one of her visits to Rome she was presented to the Pope.

"Kneel, my daughter" said he, as she stood erect in her imperial grace before him. "All kneel to me except the daughters of sovereigns."

"I am a princess in my own right, your holiness," she replied. "How can that be you are an American?"

"In my country the people are sovereigns and I am a daughter of the people."

The Pope smiled a gracious rejoicing:

"Then receive an old man's blessing."—*The Advance*.

BOGGS GOES TO A FIRE.

BY RICHARD G. LINTHICUM.

It was a slippery evening. The ice lay thick on the sidewalk. The rain had fallen and frozen on the sidewalk.

It was slippery.

It was extremely so.

We hope the reader won't forget to remember it was slippery as we go along.

It is essential to remember this.

The shades of night began to fall, and it was still slippery.

Boggs was seated in his chamber, carefully wrapping up a "bile," which greatly prevented him from sitting down comfortable.

Boggs looked out into the darkness, and remarked to himself:

"It's a slippery night."

Boggs was a wealthy, miserly old bachelor; he owned a number of tenement houses, about twenty blocks away from the house where he resided.

With this information we will proceed.

Boggs disrobed, and leaped into bed.

He immediately leaped out, again.

He alighted on that—bile.

After applying restoratives to his injured part, he softly crept into bed, and extinguished his two-cent candle.

No, we mean he extinguished his two-cent candle and crept softly into bed.

Lapsus Calumi.

His guardian angel had just began to hover over his peaceful couch, and he (Boggs) was just holding a slight interview with old Morpheus, when he suddenly awoke.

He awoke to the consciousness that a depraved bed-bug was waltzing around the ragged edge of that "bile."

Boggs endeavored as best he could to aim a blow at that bed-bug.

He struck.

"Godelmity!"

He struck—the "bile."

For the second time he arose from that bed resolving, that when he collected his rents he would hire some one to kill every insect about his abode.

After soothing the "bile," he again—this time extremely careful—crept into his bunk.

Again did woo the God of Sleep, and stood a good chance of succeeding in bringing the truant God to his side, when—

Hark.

The peal of a bell announced fire.

Boggs arose.

That "box" was near his houses.

It might be that they were burning down at that moment and he not there to see them.

The thought appalled him.

He put on his hat, and a pair of boots, and started for the fire.

Fire was before him,

Fire was behind him.

An unsuccessful attempt to get his left leg into the right leg of his pantaloons, caused a small conflagration in the vicinity of that "bile."

An unsuccessful attempt to turn a corner quickly brought him in close intimacy with a lamp post.

Profanely apologizing to the lamp post, he arose and again started for the scene of action, yelling "fire" at the top of his voice.

He did not succeed in removing a curb-stone, that lay in his path, with his foot.

Turning another corner he came in contact (forcible contact) with a policeman.

The collision caused both gentlemen to avoid themselves of the opportunity to sit down on the sidewalk.

They recovered.

Looked at each other. The guardian of the peace grabbed Boggs.

Boggs grabbed the M. P.

A fight ensued.

Victory for the M. P.

The next morning Boggs was fined twenty dollars for assaulting an officer, and ten dollars for disturbing the peace.

He made inquiries regarding the fire, and learned it was a false alarm.

There had been no fire.

Boggs is now confined to his room, nursing his "bile," and soliloquizing on the careless manner in which the fire department is conducted.

THE SMALLEST OF THE GIRLS.

A LARGE number of physicians went to Tony Pastor's Theatre to see the Mexican dwarf, Lucia Zarate. They measured her and ascertained her height to be 21 inches, her feet three inches long, her legs below the knee four inches in circumference, and her hand an inch and a quarter broad. Her mother, who is robust and of medium size, says that Lucia is twelve years old. Her face is older than that. Her activity is incessant. She played pranks with the physicians and talked fast in Spanish. She stepped into a high silk hat, crouched down and was out of sight excepting her head. She squeezed one her pliable little hands through a rather large finger-ring.

The hand of an adult made an ample seat for her. Standing on a chair, and holding to the back of it, her fingers stuck through the spaces of the cane-work—holes that just admitted the passage of a small penholder. She was not weighed, but her weight is said to be five pounds; and, poised in the hand, she does not seem heavier. Her clothing is comically small, as though intended for a doll, the shoes and stockings especially being toylike.

Tom Thumb has grown appreciably since he was exhibited by Barnum; but when he first astonished the public he was twice as large as Lucia; and he was then about her present age. She has not grown any, her mother says, since she was a year old.—*The New York Sun*.

FOOT DEFORMITY.

THE other day I heard that a Chinese lady of rank had lately come with her husband on a visit to Santa Barbara, and her feet were only two inches and three-quarters long. Making inquiries of our laundry boy, Ah Foy, as to where the Chinese lady with her little feet could be seen, he told me her husband was a cousin to Sing Lee, proprietor of a wash-house in town, and she was staying there.

Sing Lee courteously conducted us through the dark wash-house—where men were beating clothes with bamboo sticks, scrubbing them in the suds with bamboo brushes, and a China boy was cooking dinner in a big pot over a little furnace—to a range of berths like those of ocean steamers, and lifting the curtains of the bed, introduced us to the lady by saying: "This is my cousin."

The woman immediately rose from the bed on which she was sitting and extended her hand to each of us, saying, "How do." Her husband was sitting by her side, holding a boy a year old. He was also very much pleased at our visit, and proud of the notice we took of his boy, who was already dressed in trousers and gown and wore a red silk turban cap on his head. The wife was more elegantly dressed than any Chinese I had ever seen. Her hair was elaborately dressed and fastened up in puffs and coils so long, dagger-shaped pins of gold. Her gown or robe was loose, extended to the knee, and had big, loose sleeve, distended by hoops. Her robe was of dark blue silk, embroidered with yellow and red silk. Her arms had several bracelet ornaments. Her hands were small and well formed, and covered with rings. She wore big hoops of gold in her ears. She had a pretty face, oval shaped, large eyes, small mouth and dimpled cheeks. She smiled frequently as we conversed with Sing Lee, but took no part in the conversation. I think she only could speak a very few sentences.

When I said we wanted to see her foot she evidently understood, for she laughed and put out her tiny, pointed slippers. I got on my knee and took her foot on my lap and examined it closely, and measured it. The foot and leg were bound tightly in white satin, apparently sewed neatly around the limb. There were bands of gold around her ankles; her ankle measured ten inches in circumference at its smallest; her foot was two and three-quarter inches long, two inches broad in the middle and one inch at the toes; over the white satin band or stockings she wore blue satin slippers embroidered in silver. The slippers came almost to a point at the toe. She could only walk by aid of her cane, which was on the bed beside her. Even with its aid her walk was limping and painfully slow.

The doll baby foot, so elaborately decorated in blue and silver hanging to the big ankle, which was, of course, disproportionately large, looked anything but handsome, according to my standard of aristocratically-moulded limbs and feet. Her legs looked like sticks of wood whittled down to a point for a foot. She was evidently very vain of her deformity. Her baby, one year old, had feet five inches long, but he was a boy and entitled to masculine freedom of limb.—*The Courier Journal Correspondence.*

THE DUBLIN LIONESS.

In the report of the council of the Dublin Zoological Gardens, there is an account of the death of one of the lionesses, in which is noted a touching incident, worthy of being recorded. The large cats, when in health, have no objection to the presence of rats in their cages; on the contrary, they rather welcome them, as a relief to the monotony of existence, which constitutes the chief trial of a wild animal in confinement. Thus it is a common sight to see half a dozen rats gnawing the bones on which the lions have dined while the satisfied carnivores look on contentedly, giving the poor rats an occasional wink with their sleepy eyes. In illness the case is different, for the ungrateful rats begin to nibble the toes of the lord of the forest before his death, and add considerably to his discomfort. "To save our lioness from this annoyance, we placed in her cage a fine little tan terrier, who was at first received with a sulky growl; but when the first rat appeared, and the lioness saw the little terrier toss him into the air, catching him with professional skill across the loins with a snap as he came down, she began to understand what the terrier was for. She coaxed him to her side, and each night the little terrier slept at the breast of the lioness, enfolded with her paws, and watching that his natural enemies did not disturb the rest of his mistress. The rats had a bad time during those six weeks."

INSTITUTION NEWS.

NEW BRUNSWICK.

THE examination of the pupils of the Deaf and Dumb Institution took place yesterday, in the presence of the President, Hon. W. Wedderburn, Geo. W. Whitney, Esq., secretary treasurer; Rev. William Armstrong and several other gentlemen and ladies. The Institution is situated near Reed's Point, on St. James street, and occupies a large three story house. Although the building is not in as good repair as it might be everything about it is kept in excellent order and as it is well arranged. The boys and girls have separate play-grounds and are well accommodated in that respect, the yard room being ample. The boys have made themselves a cosy workshop off their playground which is fitted up with benches and supplied with sets of carpenter's tools, so that they have been able to make a large variety of useful articles for the Institution. There is a very ample supply of books: the library numbering some 1500 volumes, and these are arranged in cases in the halls. In similar cases are also placed sets of globes and other scientific instruments, and in one large case are some 700 or 800 volumes of school books for the use of the pupils and a supply of copy books and stationery. Most of the pupils board in the Institution, and the dormitories are neat and well arranged, and not too crowded for comfort. The school room itself, although not large, is admirably supplied with wall maps, there being no less than 66 of these maps mounted on spring rollers, besides 21 unmounted.

The number of pupils that attended school during the session was 33, of whom 21 boarded in the Institution. There were 25 present yesterday and they seemed remarkably intelligent and apt to learn. When it was considered that only three of the pupils had been as much as a year at the Institution the progress they had made appeared wonderful. The pupils were grouped in classes according to their proficiency and examined reading, writing, and arithmetic and other branches, and the manner in which they acquitted themselves showed that the deaf and dumb are quite as quick to learn as children who are not afflicted with the loss of any faculty. All present expressed themselves pleased and surprised at the exhibition.

The officers of the New Brunswick Deaf and Institution are as follows:—

Patron—His Honor, the Honorable Samuel L. Tilley, C. B., Lieutenant Governor.

President—Hon. W. Wedderburn, Speaker N. B. Assembly.

Secretary-Treasurer—George W. Whitney, Esq.

Board of Directors—The President and Secretary-Treasurer, J. S. Boies DeNeber, Esq., M. P., A. Chipman Smith, Mayor of St. John, James Manchester, Esq., Merchant, Hon. I. Burpee, Minister Customs; Harry A. Austin, Esq., M. P., Chas. H. Fairweather, Esq., Merchant; W. W. Turnbull Esq., Merchant.

Principal—A. H. Abell.

Authorized Collectors—A. H. Abell and W. Teed.

The means of support are annually derived from the voluntary sources as the collections, donations, and subscription from the benevolent and the Provincial Government grant of \$1,000, and the payment of any pupils of good circumstances. The following table will show the total of the receipts and expenditures since the year 1873:—

RECEIPTS.			
Nature of Items.	1873-'74.	1874-'75.	1875-'76.
Collections.....	\$523 83	\$2,035 05	\$1,134 79
Government Grant.....	100 00	550 00	650 00
Miscellaneous sources.....	18 07	218 46
	\$641 80	\$2,585 05	\$2,003 25
EXPENDITURES.			
Nature of Items.	1873-'75.	1875-'76 ends on Feb. 4	
Salary.....	\$ 491 32	\$364 04	
Collecting expenses.....	408 59	189 85	
School requisites.....	1,002 97	256 88	
Rents, taxes.....	207 16	211 95	
Postages, etc.....	28 91	5 99	
Provisions.....	157 84	404 22	
House furnishing and expense.....	769 81	229 58	
Fuel.....	71 17	178 48	
Lamp oil and fixtures.....	46 74	
Advertising.....	32 40	12 00	
Miscellaneous.....	9 30	60 27	
Balance.....	78	89 90	
Totals.....	\$3,226 94	\$2,008 25	

It appears that for the current year the Institution will require about \$3,000, of which \$1,120 is already provided, consisting of the Government grant and annual subscriptions. Payments by pupils are expected to amount to about \$150, leaving \$1,730 to be raised by collections. This Institution addresses itself to cases not otherwise reached, and this being the case it deserves the consideration of the public.—*The Daily Telegram.*

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

A \$3,000 gambling establishment is enroute to the Black Hills. Lord Albert Cecil is laboring as an evangelist in Ontario. He is a son of the Marquis of Exeter.

A Troy man said in a prayer meeting, after the recent loss of five firemen's lives by a yachting accident: "All the firemen in Troy are at the gates of hell, and five have just gone there."

A Hartford chemist professes to have discovered how to get the fertilizing properties out of stable manure so that it can be transported in very small bulk, while the residue makes first-class paper stock.

A effeminate young fellow travelled in France in dress, sang in small shows, and was unsuspected until he committed a highway robbery. That unwomanly act exposed his imposture and sent him to prison.

S. Journer Truth, the colored female abolition agitator, and occasional speaker at anti-slavery gatherings throughout the country in years gone by, died recently at her home in Battle Creek, Michigan, aged 95.

The Fullerites constitute a community at Petersham, Connecticut, numbering twenty, living on farinaceous food, dressing plainly, and professing to have direct Divine guidance. Their belief is similar to that of the Adventists.

According to a correspondent of the Chicago Times, Sitting Bull is a fair French scholar. He is thoroughly well read in French history and is a profound admirer of Napoleon, after whose generalship he has modelled his own.

In England theatres are being converted into skating rinks, while on this side of the Atlantic the reverse in the case, the large rink at Newark, N. J., being now in the course of transformation from its present condition to that of a first-class theatre.

Mrs. Scott Siddons, on her way to Australia, stopped with her husband at one of the South Pacific islands, and so enchanted one of the ebony natives with her beauty that he followed her from place to place, and at length offered her husband a large bunch of bananas for her.

In Jefferson county, Fla., is found a black mineral which resembles graphite, but which, under the blowpipe, gives off a strong smell of petroleum. The inhabitants black their boots with this substance, and claim that in susceptibility to polish it is not inferior to Day & Martin's best.

He was an applicant for the position of writing teacher in one of our public schools. They gave him a copy book and asked him for a specimen of what he could do. He took up the pen, and in a handwriting that looked like a flash of lightning that had mistaken the direct road, wrote as follows: "Sorrer doesn't kill folks as fast as green geese-burys."

Francis Stewert, an attendant of Bonaparte at St. Helena, in *St. James Magazine*, says: "At the funeral I had in my hands Napoleon's heart, which he desired Marshall Bertrand to have embalmed, placed in a silver vase, and sent to his son, Napoleon II. The heart was unusually large and very fat, and before it was soldered up all the French servants, by their own request saw it, some of them kissed it, and falling on their knees offered up a prayer."

The origin of the name "Kangaroo" is thus described in a recent work of Mr. F. Buckland: "When Captain Cook first discovered Australia he saw some natives on the shore, one of them holding a dead animal in his hand. The Captain sent a boat's crew ashore to purchase the animal, and finding on receiving it that it was a beast quite new to him, he sent a boatswain back to ask the natives its name. 'What do you call this ere animal?' said the sailor to the naked native. The native shook his head and answered, 'Kan-ga-roo, which means in in Australian lingo. 'I don't understand.' When the sailor returned to ship the Captain said, 'Well, and what's the name of the animal?' The sailor replied, 'Please, sir, the black party says it is a Kangaroo.' The beast has kept this name ever since."

On the evening of July 16th the presentation of the fitch of bacon took place at Dunmow, England. The fitch is at the disposal of any couple who swear that they have lived together in unknown fidelity and affection. Two couples sent in claims, the Rev. Samuel Marriott Smith, vicar of Harwell, Berks, and his wife, Caroline, and Mr. James Boosey, clerk at Trinity Church, Ventnor, and his wife. The former couple were unable to appear. Mr. and Mrs. Boosey were escorted from the station to the scene of trial by a band of music. The trial took place in the presence of about 3,000 people. The jury, composed of an equal number of bachelors and maidens, considered the answers satisfactory, and awarded the fitch of bacon to the worthy couple, who were chaired to a high platform, where, kneeling upon sharp stones, they took the ancient oath, and the fitch was handed to them amid loud cheering and the firing of cannons.

Gen. Meredith Read, the American minister at Athens, has been the recipient of a handsome testimonial. He has recently received the portrait of Prince Bismarck, sent by the Chancellor himself, the gift being a souvenir of his kindness to the Germans in Paris during the siege, while he was Consul-General. The portrait was accompanied by a very flattering note.

The Glasgow News has the largest advertisement to be seen in Europe. It is cut on the slope of a hill back of the Ardenlee, Scotland. The length of each letter is 80 feet; the total length of the line is 323 feet, the area covered is 14,845 feet. The borders of the letters are sown with a pure white flower, the centre is set with dwarf beet, the dark purple of which shows well at a distance, and on each side of this side of this there is a row of light purple candytuft.

Several German newspapers have received letters from a secret Italian committee which has been instituted in order to agitate in favor of a reunion of Nice and Savoy with Italy. In these letters it is stated that the inhabitants of these former Italian provinces long for their reunion with the kingdom. They instance the reunion of Alsace and Lorraine with Germany, and dispute the right of France to complain of the loss of their provinces as long as she retains Nice and Savoy. They request the Germans to assist them.

A Pennsylvania philosopher is of the opinion that petroleum is the result of codfish. Yes, codfish. These fish were once plenty in the ocean which covered the place where Pennsylvania now is. They were caught by a sudden avalanche of land, and the millions of decaying codfish caused the petroleum oil. This accounts for the salt water found in oil wells, being the result of salt codfish. It also accounts for the resemblance of petroleum to cod liver oil, and the number of fish stories told of immense fortunes which were never realized.

The Norwegian expedition that sailed from Christiansund in the direction of Iceland in the latter part of June, to explore the northern Atlantic Ocean, has already been heard from. Twenty-five miles west of Statland the icy zone was entered, the water being very cold to the depth of four hundred fathoms, and the fauna of the Arctic variety. An umbellularia measuring five feet in height was among the curiosities of the exhibition. This strange growth of the Arctic seas consists of a long stem, at one end of which is a cluster of twenty to thirty polyps, huddling together like a bunch of grapes. Two specimens of the umbellularia were found by Captain Adriance, of the whaler Britannia in 1753, near the coast of Greenland. They attached themselves to the line of his lead at a depth of two hundred and twenty-six fathoms.

The Princess Beaureau-Craon has just fallen in a fresh attempt to obtain legal permission to shut up her stepdaughter Isabeau in a lunatic asylum. The latter is fabulously rich, and a little peculiar. She resides lonely and simply near Courbevoie, in the environs of Paris, associating only with M. Stube, a wheelwright and spiritualist. Eight years ago Isabeau's relatives, anxious to obtain the control of her money, dragged her into court on the plea of insanity, but she pleaded her own case so rationally and admirably that she emerged victorious from the ordeal. She has just repeated the feat with equal success. She asked the judge and the jury whether there was a vestige of insanity about her appearance, her words, or her acts that justified the wicked proceedings of her friends and the verdict was unanimous in her favor.

LAWS RELATING TO NEWSPAPERS.

1. SUBSCRIBERS who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered wishing to continue their subscription.
2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their periodicals, the publishers may continue to send them until all arrearages are paid.
3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their periodicals from the office to which they are directed, they are held responsible until they have settled their bills, and ordered them discontinued.
4. If subscribers move to other places without informing the publisher, and the papers are sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.
5. The Courts have decided that "refusing to take periodicals from the office, or removing and leaving them unclaimed for, is *prima facie* evidence of intentional fraud."
6. Any person who receives a newspaper and makes use of it, whether he ordered it or not, is held in law to be a subscriber.
7. If subscribers pay in advance, they are bound to give notice to the publisher, at the end of their time, if they do not wish to continue taking the periodical; otherwise the publisher is authorized to send it on, and the subscribers will be responsible until an express notice, with payment of all arrears, is sent to the publisher.

BUTTER POWDER.

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*Removes all Unpleasant Flavor from Food.***CHURNING MADE EASY,**

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GOOD, FRESH BUTTER ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

In hot weather this powder makes Butter much firmer and sweeter than it usually is, keeps it a much longer time, and will prevent it from becoming rancid. It also removes the strong flavor of Turnips, Wild Garlic, Weeds, Dead Leaves, etc., upon which Cows often feed, and by its use the butter is not only increased in quantity and improved in quality, but also in value, which is fully proved by the many testimonials continually received in its favor, and the great increase in its consumption, both at home and abroad. If one teaspoonful of this Powder, dissolved in a little water, is put into about two gallons of Milk when set aside for the Cream to rise, it will throw up more Cream and keep it sweet a longer time, and if already changed will bring it back to its original sweetness.

TESTIMONIALS.

EAST NOTTINGHAM,
CHESTER Co., Pa.
Dec. 30, 1867.

DEAR SIR: I have much pleasure in bearing testimony to the excellent qualities of your BUTTER POWDER. I find by its use an immense saving of time is effected, the butter is very superior in quality, and the quantity considerably increased, the butter milk is also sweeter, and both retain freshness. In short, I am satisfied that the BUTTER POWDER will very speedily become an indispensable requisite in the production of really good butter and butter milk. Butter made in twenty minutes.

I am, dear Sir,
JOHN E. BROWN.

HOPEWELL COTTON WORKS,
CHESTER Co., Pa.
Jan. 4, 1868.

DEAR SIR: We have used the BUTTER POWDER. Butter was produced from cream in which it was used in twenty minutes, of a sweeter taste and better flavor than that made from the same kind of cream without the Powder, and when used in cream that had become old and rancid, it will restore it to its original sweetness.

Yours truly, S. H. & J. F. DICKEY,

OXFORD, CHESTER Co., Pa.
January 3, 1868.

MESSES. ARMSTRONG & Co.: This is to certify that I have used the BUTTER POWDER. Butter was produced with the Powder in fifteen minutes, of a sweeter taste and better flavor than that produced from cream without the Powder. And when the cream has become sour or rancid, the use of the Powder will restore it to its original sweetness; therefore I do not hesitate to recommend it to all butter makers.

R. P. PETERS,

EAST NOTTINGHAM,
CHESTER Co., Pa.
Dec. 30, 1867

I hereby certify I have used the Powder, and find that it will do what it pretends, viz: the butter comes quicker, improved in appearance, and the butter milk is much improved. Butter made in twenty minutes.

ELIZABETH FITZGERALD.

\$12 A DAY at home. Agents wanted. Outfit and terms free. TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples worth \$1 free. STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

SEND 25c. to G. F. ROWELL & CO., New York, for Pamphlet of 100 pages, containing lists of over 800 newspapers, and estimates showing cost of advertising.

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It is also guaranteed under a penalty of fifty dollars not to injure the clothes or hands, and as one trial will enable any person to ascertain the truth of these statements, it would never pay the proprietors to engage in an extensive system of advertising and claim such decided merit for his Soap unless he knew from positive experience that it would prove to be in every respect what is claimed for it.

This is also a superior Soap for Toilet and Shaving purposes.

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